No Common Ground

Death row inmates receive their favorite supper
before the empire gently injects them with death
Oh how generous the hands that play
the hand of God
May we all die hungry
May we never legitimize the lies they name mercy
The privileged sing of unity
Their false hymn
falls on ears deafened by the sound of death
Gunshots crack the air like whips
Men in uniform afraid of weaponless boys
Black boys with smiles that float like ghosts in the night
The cowards shoot first then cry for peace in the street
We cannot hear your pleas over our own life-mourning wails
The land is divided by rivers of our blood
There is no middle ground to stand on
Do you supreme ones not remember?
Your decrees proclaimed us devils
Demons must not compromise with gods
It is our nature to rebel
Crash the gates of a heaven
free from our darkness
Spill midnight rebellion onto white-robed dreams
Drag you deities back to earth
Teach you to unworship yourselves
Name you brother again
There is no peace to be made
as long as you remain above us
Our blood has made this profane land holy
We will never search for common ground

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Micah Bournes is a poet and musician from Long Beach California. He travels the world performing and teaching creative writing workshops. His work often deals with themes of culture, justice and faith.